Law lies a Bleeding.

Since the Sword hath ſo much prevail'd of late,
VVhat troubles and diſcentions do befall the State.

The Tune is, *Love lies a Bleeding.*

Lay by your Pleading,
Law lies a bleeding,
Burn all your Studdies down,
and throw away your reading;
Small power the word has,
And doth afford us,
Not ſo many Privileges,
halfe as the Sword does;
It ſoſters your Maſters,
And plaſters Diſaſters,
And makes the Servants quickly
greater then their Maſters;
It ventors, it enters,
It circles, it centers,
And makes an Apprentice Free
in ſpite of his Inventers.

This takes down tall things,
And ſets up ſmall things;
This maſters mony too, though
mony maſters all things.
It is not in ſeaſon
For to talk of reaſon,
Or call it Loyal when the
Sword will have it Treaſon;
It conquers the Crown too,
The Cloak and the Gown too:
This ſets up a Priſbiter,
and pulls him downe too.
The ſubtle Deceiver,
Turnes Bonnet into Beaver,
Down drops a Biſhop and
up ſtarts a Weaver,

Law lies a Bleeding.

Since the Sword hath ſo much prevail'd of late,
VVhat troubles and diſcentions do befall the State.

The Tune is, *Love lies a Bleeding.*

Lay by your Pleading,
Law lies a bleeding,
Burn all your Studdies down,
and throw away your reading;
Small power the word has,
And doth afford us,
Not ſo many Privileges,
halfe as the Sword does;
It ſoſters your Maſters,
And plaſters Diſaſters,
And makes the Servants quickly
greater then their Maſters;
It ventors, it enters,
It circles, it centers,
And makes an Apprentice Free
in ſpite of his Inventers.

This takes down tall things,
And ſets up ſmall things;
This maſters mony too, though
mony maſters all things.
It is not in ſeaſon
For to talk of reaſon,
Or call it Loyal when the
Sword will have it Treaſon;
It conquers the Crown too,
The Cloak and the Gown too:
This ſets up a Priſbiter,
and pulls him downe too.
The ſubtle Deceiver,
Turnes Bonnet into Beaver,
Down drops a Biſhop and
up ſtarts a Weaver,

The ſecond part to the ſame tune.

Hewſon.

THis makes a Lay-man,
To Preach and to Pray man
This will make a Lord of him
that was but a Dray-man.
Forth from the dull-pit,
Of Follies full-pit,
This brought an Hebrew Iron-
monger into the Pulpit:
Such pitifull things be,
Happier than Kings be;
Here comes in the Haraldrie
of Thimble and Stingsby:
No Goſpel can guide it,
No Law can deceive it,
Either in the Church or State,
till the Sword hath Sanctifi'd it.

Down go your Law-tricks,
Forth from the Patrix
Sprung holy Huſons power
and tumbled down Saint Patrick:
This Sword did prevail ſo
Mightily in Wales too,
Shinkin ap Powel cries and ſwears
Cods-plu-ter-nails too.

In Scotland this matter,
Did breed ſuch diſaſter.
That they brought their mony back,
for which they ſold their Maſter;
They battered my Gun-dork,
And ſo they did my Dum-dork
That he is fled and ſwears
that the Devill is in Dunkerk.

He that can tower,
Over him that is lower;
Would be thought a Fool
to give away his power.
Take Bakes and rent them
Who would Invent them,
When as the Sword replies
Negatur Argumentum:
The Grand-Colledge Butlers
Muſt vail to the Butlers;
There's not a Library like
unto the Cutlers.
The blood that is ſpilt ſir,
Is turned into guilt ſir:
Thus have you ſeen me run
my Sword up to he hilts ſir.

London, Printed Anno Domini. 1659. *Finis.*